

The Heretic

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Summary: When an Elite finds out what the truth behind the Halos he runs into a UNSC ship and forms an alliance with a shotgun wielding human. Read & Review...or else

1. Chapter 1

A/N This is my first fanfic please review if u want to see more if not then i will stop writing them. No flames only constructive criticism

****The Heretic****

****Chapter 1****

A shiver went down Honor Guard Zuma 'Zamamee's back with the feeling that he was being watched. He scanned the restricted zone of High Charity's library. A zone so restricted only the Hierarch Prophet of Truth himself is allowed to view the information hidden in it's wall. Zuma was looking for a certain reference towards the "Holy Rings" just to be sure of this so called "Great Journey". He eyes scanned the long halls of the library in search of any other Honor Guards. "Everything is ok," thought Zuma shaking at the thought of being caught, "I shut down the security for this quadrant." Zuma kept reassuring himself. He looked for any thing relating to the Holy Rings and the Great Journey. "Aha at last the truth will be seen." Zuma said triumphantly. He read the electronic screen of the handheld file. Hoping for a good answer

I, Truth have come to found that these Holy Rings were used by the forerunners as a cleansing utensil in order to purify us from The Flood. To do this the Holy Rings _must first be activated and fired and to cleanse the universe of these vile things the Holy Rings wipe out all life forms in the galaxy. I must accomplish this so only I will escape and bring forth new life. A new galaxy will be brought for and I shall be it's leader. The hierarchs and myself have decided to bring forth the supreme life forms of different races and use them

to find these rings. Each bringing forth with new technology. The only problem I can see in the future are the Reclaimersâ€|â€|â€|â€|_

Zuma heard a noise echoing through the halls long before he ended reading of the Prophets lies. He was only stopped by a Honor Guard shooting the electronic information pad. Zuma looked over only to be met by a plasma rifle. "You methane-breathing moron!" Zuma yelled with great anger. "That told of the Prophets betrayal and you destroyed it!" "Betrayal," said the higher ranked Honor Guard, "Nonsense. The mere thought of the Prophets betraying us is heresy. In that case, Zuma 'Zamamee come with me. You are under arrest."

Zuma took a moment to think of all that he had just read and process. Everything was a lie. The Great Journey, the Covenant oath, his life. He knew he had to stop this future. He was to become what he fought for so many yearsâ€|a heretic. "Do you wish to comply or do I have to turn your head into a trophy for the hierarchs?" said the Honor Guard hoping for the latter. "You will receive no pleasure and if you do not stand down I will be forced to neutralize you. The Prophets have betrayed us. I just read it." Zuma tried to explain but it didn't get through. "So you choose the hard way, my pleasure." The Honor Guard raised his plasma rifle and prepared to fire. "Forgive me, my brother." Zuma quickly pulled out something he had been keeping with him secretly. A handheld piece of metal. Zuma reared his arm back to open the energy sword. A long beam of purple light came into existence in the shape of a double tipped sword. The Honor Guard began firing immediately only enough shots to easily be absorbed by Zuma's shield. Zuma then lunged the sword at the Honor Guard and thus the guard fell. As much as it hurt Zuma to admit it he had become the enemy so all of the covenant was his enemy. Zuma was alone.

Chances were that the covenant had disabled the security and allowed the Honor Guard to come in so Zuma's chance for escape were thin to none. Zuma dashed to the exit with his sword holstered so if some didn't know of his break in he could come off as normal. Nonetheless he still ran. It took him 5 minutes to get to the residential quarters which was half way to the space port. He listened to some of the conversations incase some knew of his presence. Most were boring conversations about weapons, the Death Star, and some hot girl that was supposedly being trained by the covenant. Some usually talked about wacky things when they were off duty. Then when he reached the end of the residential quarters he started hearing stressed talking and personal communications devices. They were onto him.

Zuma began a sprint and just as he reached the space port the plasma fire began. Zuma didn't stop to return fire he just kept running. The door to the space port opened and he was greeted with a Grunt oddly wielding a plasma rifle, which is extremely unlikely to see. Zuma took this Grunt down and actually trampled him on his way to a space craft luckily the only one worth interstellar travel. He had escaped for the most part and prepared to go into slipspace to escape.

He checked the communications grid to make sure they weren't planning on following him anytime soon. Though as focused as he seemed his mind couldn't stop going through what he had just done. Both of his kills hurt the Honor Guard and the Grunt. They had fought aside him for so long only to be fighting for a lie.

Zuma entered slipspace with ease and began to relax and plot his next move when all of the sudden a human freighter came into view. Zuma initiated the emergency stop about it was too late he was drifting towards the space craft. "Damn, engine overheated." he said angrily. He had to think. He was going to try and board them to soften the blow it was his only chance. He hit the space craft with a thud, they definitely knew he was there. Zuma grabbed an overshield and some invisibility and waited for the worst.

2. A man and a woman

A/N Well apparently I got two reviews so I will keep writing as well as respond to these reviews.

Jiaerhalei (whatever) Thanks dude but calm down a little jeez.

Surai Thanks for the constructive criticism maybe you and me could like hook up and go out sometime.

Also the story is AU where humans did find the first halo and destroyed it (sorry no MC here)

And now. Chapter 2.

Dedicated to Eric Nylund the true halo writer.

Through the hull of the UNSC ship The Majestic you could see everyone at navigational terminals, weapons grids, and well all over the place. The panic still hadn't calmed since slipspace jump out of Epsilon Eridani System. The Covenant had brought fire to almost every planet, ship, port, and asteroid. The Majestic was one of the few who escaped and was expecting a welcoming party after their slipspace voyage. With communications down, radars malfunctioning and the Magnet Accelerator Cannon charging at only 5 percent everyone was doing their best to keep the ship up and for the most part running.

All except for one Marine, Private John P. Harverson. He lied in his bunk resting after a long day's work of almost nothing. He even drifted off to sleep through the alarms and P. A. system shouting orders. He drowned this noise out with thoughts of the battlefield, the Covenant, but most of all Alyx, His love. She was his only will to fight and this will kept him fighting. They had both met in the army at basic training, but that was 10 years ago who knew if she would remember her or even if she died. The thought of them together again was John's only will to fight. Well that and he thought it was fun jamming 8 gauges of pure shotgun lead into an alien's face.

Reach Training Course 10 years ago.

The debriefing room is a cold place where you absorb all the facts you can hoping it will sometime save your life. The first time can make you seem intimidated even scared to go out on the battlefield. Cadet Haverson knew that this was his chance to shine and get promoted.

"Blue team your objective is to capture the Pink Team's flag. Simple huh," ordered the Sergeant. Sergeant Avery J. Johnson was beginning

his debriefing of the Blue Team's objectives in the Capture the Flag match held at the graduation of a Marine's training. Should they win they would become official Marines. Should they lose they would go through the course again, the six week course all of them had hated. "The primary mode of entry would be through the woods and through the front door. Of course if you do this I promise you will be up shit creek without a paddle. There are many different ways to get through to the Pink Team's defenses. Be creative," The Sergeant moved over to a crate full of weapons. "This will be your primary weapon." The Sergeant held up what seemed to be a BR55 Battle Rifle, "For safety purposes we replaced the KAT rounds and installed 9.5X40mm tranquilizing rounds. This can take you down in a maximum of 3 seconds if shot of the tip of the index finger. So basically u touch this and you will wake up with hangover for a week. Simply put, don't get shot." The Sergeant then pulled out an M6 pistol. No one noticed that it looked different seeing how they all come in different varieties, some with scopes, silencers, flashlights, and different bullet calibers. "This will be your weak ass side-arm. It carries a NVIDIA tranq that will cause slight sleepiness in your enemies unless shpt in the head this sucker will have to go through a whole clip to take down an enemy. I would advise using it only when needed." Sarge then walked over to the final crate which held a SRS99C Sniper Rifle. "Finally the tranq sniper. Pretty basic sniper, with gas tanks for extra gas compression so the noise and trail are still there. Only one rule with this sniper, do not-I repeat- do not under any circumstances shoot someone in the head with this rifle! It can and will kill the target. Got it?" "Sir yes sir!" screamed Blue team. "Also expect a surprise or two on the battlefield. Now get of your candy asses and get me that flag. This ain't no ice cream social."

John moved towards the weapons crates. He decided only to pick the Battle Rifle and Pistol weapon while everyone else juggled the three weapons in hand. "Idiots," John thought to himself, "they will barely be able to carry all those things on the battlefield much less be tactical. A huge fact crawled through John's mind. A squad leader, they had no squad leader. This thought quickly diminished as John checked his weapons even though they were already fully loaded and the new shipment of weapons made the chances of the weapon jamming astronomical due to the gas compressed shooting on all weapons besides the M90 Shotgun and M19 SSM Rocket Launcher. John always liked to be sure. The lack of a Squad Leader meant nothing to John as he preferred to be alone. He cared for no one but himself.

Blue Team exited the tent and looked out onto the battlefield. The fastest route was through the city and across a small bridge over the Mendagall River. To the East of the city was a forest where u had to swim the river to the other side. Everyone went the path of the forest to be sneaky. The down was deserted and they thought they would stick out like a sore thumb. John wanting to be a loner decided to take his chances with the city.

Blue Team waited for Sarge's order to attack. "GO GO GO!" he yelled and everyone ran into the forest for a quick jump on the enemy. Of course that was after the two kilometer run through the forest. John was going to be as stealthy as he could. He looked around the city and noticed that sandstorms from the far west had shaded this ghost town brown. So he covered himself in dirt, enough dirt that if he wasn't moving against a wall you couldn't see him. "Here it goes." He muttered to himself and began running the 1.3 kilometers to the Pink

Base.

After a long 12 minute jog he found himself on the other side of the Mendagall River from the Pink Base. He was about 500 yards from the base. John took out his regulation binoculars and looked ahead at the Pink Base. "No sign of any guards or snipers for that matter. Something isn't right did they really expect us to all come in through forest, or did we actually win?" John moved in across the bridge above the calm river. He moved in prone to avoid detection. The bridge seemed like for ever to get half way across and just as he didâ€¦|...

"Boom!" the bridge collapsed under the explosion of some old C-5 explosive. Not enough to kill John but enough to launch him twenty feet away from the river into the water. John fell into a deep unconscious state under the river.

John awoke in a dripping wet sewage pipe smelling of everything rancid in the world. John checked his watch. He had been unconscious for only thirty minutes. The smell probably woke him. He managed to find all his weapons but lost his emergency radio. "Shit." John muttered as he took a step inwards towards the sewer, the step of course landing with a loud mush noise. "I must be underneath the Pink Base."

After 3 minutes of walking in the sewer he came across a ladder leading to the innards of the Pink Base. As he tried to climb a pain jolted through he body, and he couldn't move his right arm. He looked over only to see the forearm bent back past the elbow. "Argh!" John yelled as e felt the pain of his arm being broken. "I must have been in shock the whole time." He managed to think through the pain. Quickly thinking he picked up a piece of metal and tore his uniform a little bit to make a bandage. He leaned against the wall putting the bandage in his mouth to help with the pain he was about to feel from bandaging a wound on the field. Sarge had taught him how to repair a broken arm if that managed to happen on the field. "Find a splint (or straight object) and use it to keep the bone in place until u can get serious medical treatment." His words echoed in his head as he took a deep breath and snapped his forearm back into place. The pain was unbearable. He took the splint and used it to hold the arm in place and then wrapped another bandage to his arm and around his neck to keep the arm from moving. He couldn't abort the mission now even with one working arm. He continued to climb the ladder. When he got to the top he saw his comrades and his enemies all over the place of the fortress and for the most part the place look deserted. He tried to carry his battle rifle normally. Though he couldn't aim it he could still us it.

There the flag was in the center of the base just waiting to be taken. "Wait." He thought to himself "this can't be that easy." He looked around. There a second floor. John moved to clear the second floor of enemies. As he approached the top he saw a seven and a half inch scope aimed at his chest. "Surrender or I will shoot and possibly kill you," Said a female voice. John looked over just as she dropped the rifle and pulled out her pistol for a head shot and a take down. John wasn't going to take this. John ducked a millisecond before the bullet fired dropping his battle rifle from the pain in the process. John rolled to the left over his broken arm yelping in pain and stood up Pistol in hand and aimed for her head. They were both staring into each others guns.

After what seemed like a lifetime of silence the woman finally said, "Well are you going to shoot me?" John finally took his eyes off her muzzle and looked her up and down. Her hair was a light blonde and regulation cut and her body wasn't too defining but still attractive nonetheless. "No," John said and paused after pulling his gun down, "But I will buy you a drink." She put her gun down too as she shook hands and accepted a draw in the battle.

Unknown Area after emergency slipspace jump 10 years later

The rest as they say is history. They fell in deep love only to be parted afterwards. She left for a Recon Squad, he was infantry.

All infantry report to latched Covenant vessel in Section C. John had been daydreaming so long he didn't even hear the first reports of it being in the area. John grabbed his custom M90 Shotgun and headed for the Covenant bastards. "Time for weird alien freak-show sons a bitches to get their heads blown off." John said as he cocked his gun and walked down the hallway.

3. Alliance Beginning

A/N don't ask me why but I feel like writing this chapter might be a little gory but I don't know cause I haven't written it. I just feel like it. I need more reviews. I don't own Halo. I wanna own Cortana. Also Surai look up on my offer me and you babe. Also do you guys like my comedy direction or does it kill the mood?

Chapter 3 An Alliance Beginning

The doors of the attached Covenant vessel hissed as they opened to a hall of awaiting marines. Most were quite calm after their previous battles on Epsilon Eridani. Others shivered at the images and thoughts of these battles.. Humans literally torn in half and thousands of rounds causing no affect.

Private Harverson didn't even care to hurry down the hall. He was gonna get bitched at when he got there that's for sure. "I hope they don't start the party without me." John muttered to himself as he walked down the hall. He seemed like a total slacker and a jerk to almost anyone he didn't like. On the battlefield he was your best friend and would run a mile just to pick up something you left behind. They say the battle field can bring the worst in people this was the opposite with John he was his best on the battlefield and he would keep any man alive.

Back on the Covenant vessel Zuka was preparing his daring escape of the cruiser and onto the human ship. Sure Zuka could have easily slaughtered the humans if it weren't for the thought that he was fighting the same war with the humans he would have just done that. So he devised a plan in his head as to what to do. Escape from the ship, steal a covenant ship, meet with other Heretic forces and spread the word of the prophet's betrayal. "I need not kill the humans they could help but not with me." Zuka was muttering to himself as he grabs a sword and a plasma rifle. "Here goes nothing." he said as he opened the door.

John quickened his pace as he wasn't even half way to the site. They

probably killed the intruder or the intruder killed them. This though caused John to accelerate into a full run. He was 3 minutes away. 'Why does this ship have to be so damn big.' John thought as he went into a full sprint, checking himself for 8 gauge rounds.

Just as he was running as fast as he could he saw the air vent 10 yard in front of him break open revealing an Elite in blue armor before John could stop he tripped over the Elite only to role back up into a standing position. He saw the Elites shields flicker off, and the Elite fall unconscious. John quickly checked himself his radio was crushed so he couldn't tell anyone about his "encounter".

John's first instinct was to rush and see what of his fellow marines and report the Elite to command. That was before something caught his eye. A silver bar lay on the ground. "Holy shit an energy sword!" John exclaimed in surprise, fear, and excitement. So instead of reporting in he decided to pick up the energy sword and figure out how to use it. He spent 5 minutes looking for a button or switch on the small metallic bar. He then began to take to memory what he had seen. A pumping action of some sort. He made sure he was holding it correctly before attempting this. Sure enough two long bands of purple light came into existence. He had some fun playing with it. He decided to make his way to any of his fellow marines. Surprisingly nobody had come and walked in on his little game.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, instinctively he turned around to see the Elite pointing a Plasma Rifle at his head. "Don't move pathetic human." This brought John back to when he met Alyx.

"How about you drop your weapon." John said triumphantly as he moved the energy sword close enough to Zuku to flicker his shield off but not to kill him.

"I don't have time for this." Zuku said before he kicked John down. John quickly rose to his feet and began his pursuit. Many people witnessed them running but before they couldn't react fast enough after seeing an Elite being chased by a human with an energy sword when normally it was vice versa.

Before too long the Elite managed to get to the docking bay, John in close pursuit. Zuku got into a Pelican and the loading door began to close. "Good try human." Zuku said as the door quickly shut.

"ARRRR!" John screamed as his primitive side gave in and his testosterone took over and in a sudden moment over rage John dove into the Pelican moments before the door fully closed. It was a good 7 foot jump that he somehow managed to make.

John came down with a thud on the hull of the Pelican and fell unconscious.

4. Chapter 4

So after much thought I decided to pick this up. I haven't wrote on it for a year so expect some differences in direction, flow, dialogue, and hell pretty much everything but the major concept I was getting at. The only thing that hasn't changed is I still don't own Halo. Enjoy.

-Gamer7

****Chapter Four: The Hunt Begins.****

"â€|So you let him go away?" The Prophet of Truth asked almost mockingly.

"Never, he got out before we could stop him; his high status in our ranks allowed him to disable our security measures for the restricted library." It was clear that the "Right Hand of the Hierarchs" was nervous.

He held a position few had ever been able to accept. The Right Hand of the Hierarchs was the weapon of the covenant, the leader of the Grunts, Elites, Jackal, Brutes, and Hunters. The only thing about such a position was that no one in the covenant knew its existence. If anyone knew such an Elite existed the humans would target him and he was too valuable to die, yet always too honorable to not fight.

"But your failure has caused questions throughout the entire Covenant! You're heresy lies at your feet and shall be the end of you." The Prophet of Mercy was always known for his anger and ability to call anything heresy.

"Call it what you wish but I shall find Zuka 'Zamamee and clear any thought of rebellion, whether it be the will of the Prophets or not." The Right Hand of the Prophets turned his back to the Hierarchs, a sign of defiance especially with such a position, but he knew what he was doing.

"Please return, my fair weapon of the Covenant, Mercy says things out of context. You will not find Zuka, that is a mission that is not worth your talents. Instead you are going to do something a little, shall we say, different." Truth pressed an assortment of figures on his control panel causing a map of a UNSC Freighter to appear on a holographic screen in the middle of the room.

"This is what the humans call "_The Majestic_". It is one of their ships, but there is something different about this one. It's mission, so our intelligence states, is to ship a weapon that the humans say could turn the tide of our war. This is a threat not to go without recognition."

"Then why just send me? Why not the armada?" The Right Hand asked.

"Because, my fair weapon, we cannot risk the destruction an armada or even a Spec Ops team would bring. We do not wish to destroy this weapon, oh no, we wish to understand it. Your mission," Truth pulled up a detailed route through the ship, "is to enter and find the technology of such a weapon."

"â€|And, if you can, destroy it!" It was easy to tell the anger in Mercy's voice.

"Fine, but what of Zuka? When is he to be taken care of?" The Right Hand was almost taking it too personally.

"You need not worry, it is being done as we speak" | "

End
file.